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Office on Bank Alley, one door from
Smith's drug store. All calls—night and day—promptly
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Can be found at his residence on Centre
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Office on Main Street, one door below the
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Office, one door above the post office, Main
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DR. J. W. DARLINGTON,
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Tenders his professional services to the
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All calls, night and day, promptly at-
tended to.

Hotels.

Hayden Hotel

Second Street, Weston.
Conveniently located in the central por-
tion of the town. Good rooms, good table
and excellent stabling.
Charges Very Moderate.
JAS. M. HAYDEN,
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(nearly opposite the Court House.)
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JAMES BURNS,

Having refitted and refurnished this es-
tablishment, I am prepared to offer the best
of accommodations to the public. Good
stabling on the premises.
CHARGES VERY MODERATE.
THE BAIT at my house is always sup-
plied with pure liquor, of all kinds.
Come and see me.

Commercial Hotel,

(FORMERLY BARTLETT HOUSE)
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Main Street, adjoining Court House,
CLARKSBURG, W. VA.

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Good accommodations and reason-
able terms.

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Near the Addison
alt. over springs,
WEBSTER C. H., W. VA.

Addison Hotel,

W. J. WOODDELL, Proprietor,
Webster County Salt Sulphur Springs,
Addison, W. Va.

The Cherry Vally House

Near the Addison Salt Sulphur
Springs, Webster Co., W. Va.
Will open June 10th, 1880, for the season.
It has the most pleasant grounds, and is the
most comfortable house in the county.
First-class board, and horses well cared
for.

GIVE ME A CALL.

T. R. CHERRY.

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DR. J. M. LAZIER,
—Resident Dentist—
Weston, W. Va.
I have permanently located in Weston
All work done in a scientific manner, and
warranted to give satisfaction. Priced low.
Office over Lewis' Store.

ALL WORK WARRANTED

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK
OF WESTON
Discount Day—Wednesday.

Directors:
R. J. MCANDLISH, M. W. HARRISON,
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Parties desiring my services can address
Weston. Will go to any of the adja-
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Mr. Hamilton will practice in the courts
of Lewis county.

How a Woman Saved Two Hundred People.

It was a small but thriving vil-
lage on the west coast of England.
All day long had the rain been
pouring steadily down; for the
matter of that it had been doing
the same the day before, and the
day before that, and for five days
before that. Eight days of cease-
less down-pour, as if the Diluvian
days had returned, and Mill Village
was to be washed from the sight of
men.

Every house in the valley wore
a water-logged look; the sides of
the mountains were scored with red
water veins, and Mill Brook, that
most obscure of streams, whose
only mission hitherto had been to
turn twenty-water-wheels, was
tumbling over its narrow course,
and snatching in its greedy lips,
like some raving dog, now a piece of
meadow land, and now a cherished
hay-stack.

Toward the evening of the eighth
day small groups of men began to
congregate about the streets of the
village, and to gaze doubtfully up
at the sullen sky, while they
listened to the roar of the moun-
tain cascades, and glanced in won-
der at the changed face of their own
sluggish brook.

Almost obliterated by the rain
were a number of large bills posted
on the fences of the market-place
which announced that
"Madame La Tintorette, the
celebrated mesmerist, well known
in all the principal cities of Europe,
will give one of her extraordinary
Seances, in the Town Hall of Mill
Village, this evening at eight
o'clock."

"We may have other fish to fry
than listening to madame's parley-
voicing," said a savant of the
weather, examining a barometer in
the window of the village watch-
maker.

"What do you mean?" demanded
an old man beside him.
"I mean just this," said the other;
"the glass is falling, but Salmon
Leap and all the other falls aren't.
I'm off to get my horse and ride
up to see the pool," and off he hast-
ened.

The pool was a small sheet of
water caught in a hollow between
the upper hills some distance above
the village. It was usually fed by
a tiny cascade called Salmon Leap,
and from it flowed Mill Brook, the
most work-a-day of streams.

Now, however, Salmon Leap had
been gorged by so many other
brooks, born within the last week,
that it plunged wildly into the
pool, which, in its turn, becoming
swollen and bewildered, foamed
round its confines, pressing even
more heavily against the dingy
embankment, which was used to
dam it up for the gentle feeding of
Mill Brook.

But though some croakers were
beginning to talk of Church Moun-
tain as the most comfortable of
quarters for the night, the majority
of the village saw little reason why
what had stood them so well for
forty years, should fail them this
time.

So the town hall was lit up, and
glared redly through the falling
rain, and though it was not the
fashion for the old folks of Mill
Village to frequent such places, the
young men and gay maidens came
crowding up the street, and down
the street, and from the brook-side,
and down from the mountains, and
up from the sea, and filled the
seats until two hundred tickets had
been sold, and every place was oc-
cupied.

The flower of many a simple
house was there, the pride and stay
of many a heart; the strength, the
beauty, the future of the village;
all gathered in on this eighth day
of the storm, while the waters
came creeping, leaping, oozing,
boiling, ever nearer!

At eight o'clock, Madame La
Tintorette appeared upon the
platform, and greeted her audi-
ence.

She was a small woman, with
little physical force, but very large,
magnetic black eyes, and a pale,
eager face, which, though not hand-
some, had the rare power of thrill-
ing the beholder.

She sat down to a harmonium
which she had on the platform, and
played such a weird fantasia of
mystic fancies and fever-dreams
as left her youthful audience en-
tranced.

As she closed, there was heard
by those near the door the galloping
of a horse and the loud shouts of a
man.

Doubtless the drunken black-
smith taking home the parson's
horse. It was in the forge, wait-
ing for a pair of shoes about an hour
ago.

The mesmerist began to speak
upon her theme, and, though her
voice was soft and very feminine, it
reached to every corner, and all
ears were strained not to lose an
utterance, for she had the rare power
of eloquence.

But the street without seemed to
be alive with the sound of hurried
feet, as though an army were fleeing
before the foe.

"If it was anything about the
pool, somebody would warn us,"
whispered the young people back
and forth among themselves.

When the lecture was finished,
Madame La Tintorette began the
most interesting part of the even-
ing's performance.

She invited any twenty young
men who desired to test her ability
as a mesmerist to mount the plat-
form, and speedily the benches
which had been placed there in
waiting were filled with an expect-
ant crowd.

Madame La Tintorette passed
before them, waving her hands up
and down, and they all became rap-
tly like somnambulists.

In the expectant stillness an ur-
gent, clamorous peal sounded from
a distant bell.

It was the bell of the old church
on the mountain. What could be
amiss? Wondering eyes looked
for a moment into other eyes, but
the mesmerist went on with her
experiment, and the bell was for-
gotten.

She went before each subject a
second time, touching him slowly
on the forehead with the palm of
her hand, and they all turned their
stony eyes upon her, ready to obey
her slightest signal.

A low moan, like the rising wind,
swept upon the ears of the audience,
followed by a dull crash like a dis-
tant explosion.

The mesmerist suddenly paused
at her intent, while all her sub-
jects rose and bent toward her in
attitudes of marble like submission.

Some few of the young men at
the door slipped quietly out.
Madame La Tintorette continued
her passes before the mesmerized
ones, but her eyes roved keenly over
the hall at the same time. She was
measuring the possible danger
without with the possible courage
within.

And now came a savage hissing
and roaring, nearer and nearer,
while those who had gone out
rushed in with ashen faces, and
shouted:

"The flood! the flood! It's
coming down like the sea!"

Before one might stir from his
place at this awful announcement,
there was a shock like the battering
rams of an army against the north
side of the hall, and a curdled wave
came foaming in through the open
door.

Instantly all was confusion.
The women shrieked and sprang
upon the benches, while even the
bravest of the young men lost all
presence of mind, and began to
clamber upon the platform.

Madame La Tintorette raised the
blind at the back of the platform,
and seeing a bristling wave, house-
high, encroaching where tree-tops had
been, she understood in a flash the
calamity. And that strength of
mind which could make her a good
mesmerist stood her in good stead
now.

Swooping to the front she faced
the agitated throng and cried:
"Let there be silence!"

In half a second every ear was
listening.

"Shut the door and stuff the
cracks with shawls or handker-
chiefs, and do the same with every
window," she shouted, and a num-
ber of the young men flew to obey
her.

But alas! too soon a tree torn up
by the roots was whirled against
two of the windows, shattering
them, and the black waves came
pouring in.

"Be calm, a wetting is nothing,"
cried the mesmerist to the affright-
ed girls. "As long as the founda-
tions stand we are safe, if we can
get upon the roof. Who can reach
that sky-light?"

A murmur of despair ran
through the hall, and no wonder.
The walls and ceiling were smooth-
ly plastered up to the roof-tree
without a break, excepting a sky-
light, which had originally shed
light upon an entrance porch, and
which, upon the enlarging of the
building, had for no known reason
been left.

It was their only hope now, how-
ever, for the waters were steadily
creeping up, up to the walls, and
already the benches were floating,
and the throng submerged to the
waist.

Seeing that no volunteer was
ready to attempt the sky-light, the
mesmerist determined to risk what
might be a fatal experiment, but
one which the circumstances cer-
tainly demanded.

She threw all her subjects into a
yet deeper mesmeric trance, and
then addressed them thus:

"You are harlequins in La
Grande Cirque, of Paris, and the
Emperor is witnessing your feats.
Make a human ladder up to that
sky-light, beginning with you."

She touched a young man fam-
ous for his muscular strength, and
as he hurried away to obey her, she
designated others of undoubted
power of limb to form the base,
choosing the youngest and slight-
est for the top.

Away they sprang over the backs
of the rocking benches, and climbed
up each other's shoulders against
the wall like monkeys, until the last

man touched the window with his
hands.

"Break through and climb upon
the roof!" cried Madame La Tin-
orette.

Then she looked round with her
eyes ablaze, and asked:
"Who has courage to climb up
that living wall to safety?"

Many of the men and all of the
women hung back, while some
clambered up in safety.

Paler grew the mesmerist's face,
but she still kept her wonderful
coolness.

"These men will soon awake
from their trance," said she, "and
if there are none to take their
place, those of us who are left here
will be drowned like rats. Are
there none here willing to come
under my influence, that they may
take their place?"

More than fifty men and women
presented themselves, while the
number of those ascending visibly
increased.

Madame La Tintorette began her
spells, and so eager were her sub-
jects to feel the magnetic influence
that in a few moments they were
all fixed, and ready for any com-
mand.

"Harlequins," then cried the
mesmerist, "the house is on fire!
Come down, while a ladder is being
raised to carry you to the roof."

Down they melted like a pillar of
snow, and she said to her new re-
lay:

"The tide has risen. Make of
yourselves a chain to scale that
cliff, that we may escape being
drowned."

With marvelous ease those who
had shuddered but a few minutes
ago at the impossible daring of
their comrades, had made the lad-
der, and were handing up young
women as fast as hands could do it,
while those first mesmerized sprang
up their backs, like cats up a tree,
from the imaginary fire.

Up crept the water steadily; the
lowest men were up to their
shoulders; the platform was sub-
merged to the depth of a foot or
more; but the throng which had
been so dense an hour ago was two-
thirds gone now.

Again the dauntless witch of the
strange scene relieved the workers
by new subjects, and sent them fly-
ing up through the sky-light. As
the flood rose and the danger be-
low became more imminent, she
mesmerized every one she could
lay hands on, and sent them,
climbing up in an unbroken string,
until only she and the ladder of
men were left.

And by this time the water was
creeping up to the gas, and quench-
ing the lights one by one.

"Make a rope of shawls to draw
us up," she cried to the last girl
who went up.

In a few moments a stout noose
was let down, and obedient to her
orders, the men allowed themselves
to be all drawn up.

Then last of all, like the faithful
captain of a sinking ship, came the
gallant Madame La Tintorette her-
self, and the hall was empty.

It was a wild enough scene she
emerged upon. Two hundred
souls clinging to the wet slate roof,
and such of her subjects as had
awakened gaping about them with
looks of frenzied astonishment.
The night was as dark and thick
as a Newfoundland fog, a sea of
livid gray water was swirling ev-
erywhere, with here the chimneys
of a cottage sticking up to mark a
home, there a thatched roof or a
shape of drowning animal sweeping
by. Not a sound where all had
been life; not a speck of light save
on the Church Mountain. There a
red gleam showed that the church
was alight as a beacon and a refuge
for poor rescued souls, and the bell
told sadly as if in requiem for the
lost.

Well might the bitter tears fall
and the young hearts be wrung
with grief, for few there expected to
see father or mother alive again.

"My children," said the French-
woman, only that she used a tender
French word of endearment, "let
us praise God that we are spared as
yet."

It was a good and wise thought
that.

One of the maidens commenced
in a tremulous voice a village fa-
vorite. It was a hymn running as
follows:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
And all the other voices joined in,
and rose loud and clear in unison,
and sent the sweet sounds far over
the deathly waters to hearts which
drank them in like the thrilling
psalm of an angel band.

For, lo! as it swelled on, there
came back from the mountain
such a shout, such a joyful rattle
of the bell, such a patter of old
fire-arms, as showed that half the
village was there, hoping, watching,
praying for them.

"That is good!" smiled Madame
La Tintorette. "Now they will de-
vise some means to rescue you."

She was right. In another hour
a sort of raft, manned by some
half a dozen, came creeping up
against the debris-incumbered
stream, and reached the walls in
safety. It brought the welcome
news that another raft was on its

way down to the Neck, five miles
distant, to fetch up an army of
boats from the gulf, and that every
house in the village had been de-
serted by the inmates before the
embankment broke.

"Jenners rode down on horseback
half an hour before, crying, 'The
dam is going!' and in the confu-
sion we all thought you had
rushed from the hall before us,"
explained the rescuers.

The raft was soon filled with a
score of females, let down by
shawls, and slowly departed, fol-
lowed by the anxious eyes of their
companions.

All night the raft came and
went, until an hour before day-
break, when six boats arrived,
which cleared the roof of the last
of Madame La Tintorette's audi-
ence.

And what cheering, and sobbing,
and waving of hats, and embrac-
ing, when the whole of the two
hundred stood safe on Church
Mountain, with the Frenchwoman
in their midst!

And surely, if the blessings of
scores of mothers and fathers, and
the silent gratitude of the saved,
and the invoked prayers sped from
the pastor's full heart on her be-
half, could better Madame La Tin-
orette, she was set up in life from
that hour!

They spoke of another reward
than these, to be given out of the
best of their shattered homes—a
reward more likely to gild the
Frenchwoman's hard life; but she
put all that proudly by her, say-
ing, in her quiet, intense, earnest
way:

"I cannot afford the alloy even
of gold in my happiness. Dear
friends, let me live in your hearts
as God's instrument, who gave back
your children from death, and I
shall call last night the brightest of
my earthly life."

So she had her way.

But if you pass through Mill
Village to-day—and a more thriving
township does not exist in the
West Coast of England—you will
be struck by the sight of a beauti-
ful granite monument in the midst
of the market-place, bearing this
inscription on the four sides, in
gold letters:

In honor of
Heloise La Tintorette,
Mesmerist,
The God-inspired Rescuer
Of Two Hundred Youths and
Maidens

From Death During the
Disastrous Flood of Eighteen-Fifty,
This Monument is Dedicated by
The Grateful People of
Mill Village.

Common Sense in Advertising.

A model advertisement is de-
signed to satisfy the rational de-
mand of a probable customer to
know what you have got to sell.
The successful advertiser, therefore,
observes these rules: First, he
aims to furnish the information
which the public wants; second,
he aims to reach that part of the
public whose wants he is prepared
to satisfy; and third, he endeav-
ors to make his information as
easy of acquisition by the public
as possible.

The commonest and handiest
thing in the American family is
the newspaper, and, as nearly all
the shopping proceeds from the
family, from its needs, intelligence,
its tastes, and its fashions, it fol-
lows that the thoughtful and suc-
cessful advertiser approaches the
family by this means. He does
not waste his money and his time
in loading his advertising-gun and
shooting it off skyward in the
streets, at all creation, on the
chance that some willing customer
may be going that way, and may
be brought down; on the contrary,
he takes account of the advertis-
ing ammunition which he has on
hand, and loads and points his
gun through the columns of some
reputable newspaper at the game
he wants to hit.

Besides knowing that newspapers
are the best means of advertising
and how to pick out the best news-
papers for his purpose, the success-
ful advertiser fully appreciates the
importance of persistent advertis-
ing. Mr. Bryant used to say that
the great influence of the press de-
pends for one thing upon its power
of iteration. Presenting the same
subject in many forms, it finally
wins attention and acquiescence.

Used in this thorough and syste-
matic way, the advertising columns
of the newspapers are as useful and
essential to the merchant, as means
of telling the public what he has
to sell, as the clerks behind the
counter are to show his goods
when the people come to examine
them.—New York Post.

—Some level-headed, observing
chap says that in families where a
newspaper is taken you will al-